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THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

We this month present our readers with a highly interesting view of the City of Jerusalem—"The blessed city," as it is called even by the Mahommedans—the city that men call "the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth." Our engraving represents the city in its present state, and is copied from a drawing made on the spot a few years since.

According to Josephus, Jerusalem was built in the year 2023 from the Creation, in a rocky and barren soil, by Melchizedeck, and was known anciently by several names. Its scite occupied Mounts Moriah and Acra, and it was surrounded with mountains. Its territory and environs were watered by the springs of Gehon and Siloam, and by the torrent or brook of Kedron. David built a new city on Mount Zion opposite to the ancient one, being separated from it by the valley of Mills; he also augmented and embellished the old city; but Solomon, from the number and stateliness of the works which he erected, rendered Jerusalem one of the most beautiful cities of the East.

It was during the reign of Tiberius that Jerusalem was rendered memorable to all succeeding ages by the death and resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who was crucified on Friday, April 3, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the age of 33, on Mount Calvary, a hill which was then without the walls on the north side of the city.

Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by Titus, A. D. 70. At the seige, according to Josephus, 97,000 pri-

THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

soners fell into the hands of the conqueror, 11,000 perished with hunger, and the whole number slain and taken prisoners during the war was 1,460,000. In the year 130, Adrian undertook to rebuild the city, and gave it the name of *Ælia Capitolina*, which name it bore until the time of Constantine. It was taken in 614, by the Persians; in 636 by the Saracens; and in 1099 by the Crusaders, who founded a kingdom which lasted till 1187, when it was taken down by Saladin, king of Egypt. In 1517 it was taken by the Turks, who have kept possession of it ever since.

The modern city of Jerusalem is built on Mount Moriah. The ascents on every side are steep except to the north. It is almost surrounded by valleys, encompassed by mountains, so that it seems to be situated in the middle of an amphitheatre. The walls are about three miles in circumference. Dr. Clarke, speaking of the appearance of the city, says, "We were not prepared for the grandeur of the spectacle which it exhibited. Instead of a wretched and ruined town, by some described as the desolated remnant of Jerusalem, we beheld as it were a flourishing and stately metropolis, presenting a magnificent assemblage of domes, towers, palaces, churches, and monasteries; all of which glittering in the sun's rays, shone with inconceivable splendor." A more recent traveller, Sir Frederic Henniker, gives the following account of the present state of Jerusalem:—

The town is about a mile in length and half a mile in width. The best view of it is from the Mount of Olives; It commands the exact shape, and nearly every particular, viz. the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Armenian Convent, the mosque of Omar, St. Stephen's Gate, the round topped houses, and the barren vacancies of the city. Without the walls are a Turkish burial-ground, the tomb of David, a small grove near the tombs of the kings, and all the rest is a surface of rock, on which are a few numbered trees. The mosque of Omar is the Saint Peter's of Turkey, and the respective saints are held respectively by their own faithful, in equal veneration. The building itself has a light pagoda appearance; the garden in which it stands occupies a considerable part of the city; and, contrasted with the surrounding

desert, is beautiful; but it is forbidden ground, and Jew or Christian entering within its precinct, must, if discovered, forfeit either his religion or his life. Lately, as a traveller was entering the city, a man snatched part of his luggage from the camel, and fled here for shelter. A few days since a Greek Christian entered the mosque; he was a Turkish subject, and servant to a Turk; he was invited to change his religion, but refused, and was immediately murdered by the mob. His body remained exposed in the street, and a passing Mussulman, kicking up the head, exclaimed—"That is the way I would serve all Christians."

The fountain of Siloa is so inconsiderable, and water altogether so scarce, that when my friend, Mr. Grey inquired the way to it, the person refused to tell him, giving him as a reason—"You will write it in your book, and I vow that we shall have no water next year."

The tomb of David is held in great respect by the Turks, and to swear by it is one of their most sacred oaths. The tomb of the Kings is an inconsiderable excavation in the rock: three small chambers, in which are receptacles for the coffins; the lid of a sarcophagus, of tolerable workmanship, remains yet unbroken, as also a stone door. In the Aceldama, or field of blood, is a square building, into which are thrown the bones of strangers who may happen to die there. This side of the mountain is pock-marked with sepulchral caves, like the hills at Thebes: concerning these Dr. Clarke has made mention. The burial-place of the Jews is over the valley of Kedron, and the fees for breaking the soil afford a considerable revenue to the governor. The tomb of Jehosaphat is respected; but at the tomb of Absalom every Jew, as he passes, throws a stone, not like the Arab custom in so doing to perpetuate a memory, but to overwhelm it with reproach: among the tombs is one having an Egyptian torus and cornice, and another surmounted by a pyramid on a Grecian base, as if the geniuses of the two countries had met half-way.

As in Greece there is not a remarkable hill without a fable, so in Palestine there is not a cave nor a stone without some historical anecdote from the New Testament. The generality of pilgrims to Jerusalem are Greeks;

and they bring acceptable offerings. They are probably unable to read, and therefore the method used to make them acquainted with the life of our Saviour is commendable: even the Old Testament is not forgotten, though Titus is. The pool of Beersheba and David's Tower are still pointed out to believing pilgrims.

The population of Jerusalem has been variously estimated at from 14,000 to 30,000. The inhabitants derive their principal support from the visits of pilgrims, who, it is said, leave behind them 60,000*l.* annually.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES;

ILLUSTRATED BY ANECDOTES.

We are about to select from the records of Philosophy, Literature, and Art, in all ages and countries, a body of examples, to show how the most unpropitious circumstances have been unable to conquer an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge. Every man has difficulties to encounter in this pursuit; and therefore every man is interested in learning what are the real hindrances which have opposed themselves to the progress of some of the most distinguished persons, and how those obstacles have been surmounted.

The Love of Knowledge will of itself do a great deal towards its acquisition; and if it exist with that force and constancy which it exhibits in the characters of all truly great men, it will induce that ardent, but humble spirit of observation and inquiry, without which there can be no success. Sir ISAAC NEWTON, of all men that ever lived, is the one who has most extended the territory of human knowledge; and he used to speak of himself as having been all his life but "a child gathering pebbles on the sea-shore"—probably meaning by that allusion, not only to express his modest conviction how mere an outskirt the field of his discoveries was, compared with the vastness of universal nature, but to describe likewise the spirit in which he had pursued his investigations. That was a spirit, not of selection and system-building, but of childlike alacrity, in seizing upon whatever contributions of knowledge nature threw at his feet, and of submission to all the intimations of

observation and experiment. On some occasions he was wont to say, that, if there was any mental habit or endowment in which he excelled the generality of men, it was that of patience in the examination of the facts and phenomena of his subject. This was merely another form of that *teachableness* which constituted the character of the man. He loved Truth, and wooed her with the unwearied ardor of a lover. Other speculators had consulted the book of nature principally for the purpose of seeking in it the defence of some favorite theory; partially, therefore, and hastily, as one would consult a dictionary: Newton perused it as a volume altogether worthy of being studied for its own sake. Hence proceeded both the patience with which he traced its characters, and the rich and plentiful discoveries with which the search rewarded him. If he afterwards classified and systematized his knowledge like a philosopher, he had first, to use his own language, gathered it like a child.

Of all sorts of observation, that which exhibits the most penetrating and watchful philosophy is, when, out of the facts and incidents of every-day experience, a gifted mind extracts new and important truths, simply by its new manner of looking at them, and, as it were, by the aid of a light of its own which it sheds upon their worn and obliterated lineaments. From one of these simple incidents did Sir Isaac Newton read to the world, for the first time, the system of the universe. It was in the twenty-third year of his age that this extraordinary man was sitting, as we are told, one day in his garden, when an apple fell from a tree beside him. His mind was perhaps occupied, at that fortunate moment, in one of those philosophical speculations on space and motion which are known to have, about this time, engaged much of his attention; and the little incident which interrupted him was instantly seized upon by his eager spirit, and, by that power which is in genius, assimilated with his thoughts. The existence of gravitation, or a tendency to fall towards the centre of the earth, was already known, as affecting all bodies in the immediate vicinity of our planet; and the great Galileo had even ascertained the law, or rate, according to which their motion is

accelerated as they continue their descent. But no one had yet dreamed of the gravitation of the heavens—till the idea now first dimly rose in the mind of Newton. The same power, he said to himself, which has drawn this apple from its branch, would have drawn it from a position a thousand times as high. Wherever we go, we find this gravitation reigning over all things. If we ascend even to the tops of the highest mountains, we discover no sensible diminution of its power. Why may not its influence extend far beyond any height to which we can make our way? Why may it not reach to the moon itself? Why may not this be the very power which retains that planet in its orbit, and keeps it revolving as it does around our own earth? It was a splendid conjecture, and we may be sure that Newton instantly set all his sagacity at work to verify it. If the moon, he considered, be retained in her orbit by a gravitation towards the earth, it is in the highest degree probable that the earth itself, and the other planets which revolve around the sun, are, in like manner, retained in their orbits by a similar tendency towards their central and ruling luminary. Proceeding then, in the mean time, upon this supposition, he found by calculation, and by comparing the periods of the several planets and their distances from the sun, that, if they were really held in their courses by the power of gravity, that power must decrease in a certain proportion, according to the distance of the body upon which it operated. This result he had already anticipated from the consideration that, although we could not detect any such diminution within the comparatively small distance to which our experience was limited, the fact was yet consistent with the whole analogy of nature. Supposing, then, this power, when extended to the moon, to decrease at the same rate at which it appeared to do in regard to the planets which revolved around the sun, he next set himself to calculate whether its force, at such a distance from the earth, would in reality be sufficient to retain that satellite in its orbit, and to account for its known rate of motion. Now, this step of the discovery was marked by a very singular circumstance, and one strikingly illustrative of the truly philosophic character

of this great man's mind. In the computations which he undertook for the purpose of this investigation, he naturally adopted the common estimate of the magnitude of the earth, which was at that time in use among geographers and seamen. Indeed, no other then existed for him to adopt: but it was even then known to scientific men, that this estimate was loose and inaccurate. In fact, it allowed only sixty English miles to a degree of latitude, instead of sixty-nine and a half, which is the true measurement. The consequence was that the calculation did not answer; it indicated, in fact, a force of gravity in the moon towards the earth, less by one sixth than that which was necessary to give the rate of motion actually possessed by that satellite. Another might have thought this but a trifling discrepancy, and, in such circumstances, might have taxed his ingenuity to account for it in a variety of ways, so as still to save the beautiful and magnificent theory which it came so unseasonably to demolish. But Newton was too true a philosopher, too single-hearted a lover of truth, for this. In his mind, the refutation was a complete one, and it was admitted as such at once. He had made his calculation with care, although one of its elements was false; it did not present the result it ought to have done, had his hypothesis been as true as it was brilliant; and, in his own estimation, he was no longer the discoverer of the secret mechanism of the heavens. By an act of self-denial, more heroic than any other recorded in the annals of intellectual pursuit, he dismissed the whole speculation from his mind, even for years. We need hardly state how gloriously this sacrifice was in due time rewarded. Had Newton, instead of acting as he did, obstinately persevered in the partially erroneous path into which he had thus been misled, it is impossible to say into how many additional misconceptions and misstatements he might have been seduced, in order to cover the consequences of his first error; or how much the simplicity of the grand truth which had revealed itself to him, as it were, for a moment in the distance, might have been eventually complicated and disfigured by the vain imaginations of the very mind which had discovered it. The progress of science would, no doubt,

at last have swept away all these useless and encumbering fictions; but that honor would, probably, have been reserved for another than Newton. Committed to the maintenance of his adopted errors, and with his mental vision even unfitted in some measure for the perception of the truth, he might in that case have been the last to discern the full brightness of that day, the breaking of which he had been the first to descry. But by keeping his mind unbiassed, he was eventually enabled to verify all, and more than all, he had originally suspected. No other speculator had yet followed him in the same path of conjecture; when, a few years after, upon obtaining more correct data, he repeated his calculation, and found it terminate in the very result he had formerly anticipated. The triumph and delight of that moment can hardly be conceived, when he saw at last that the mighty discovery was indeed all his own! It is said that such was his agitation as he proceeded, and perceived every figure bringing him nearer to the object of his hopes, that he was at last actually unable to continue the operation, and was obliged to request a friend to conclude it for him.

Originally, all human knowledge was nothing more than the knowledge of a comparatively small number of such simple facts, as those from which Galileo deduced the use of the pendulum for the measurement of time, and Newton the explanation of the system of the heavens. All the rest of our knowledge, and these first rudiments of it also, a succession of individuals have gradually discovered in separate portions, by their own efforts, and without having any teacher to instruct them. In other words, every thing that is actually known has been found out and learned by some person or other, without the aid of an instructor. This is the first consideration for all those who aspire, in the present day, to be their own instructors in any branch of science or literature. Furnished as society now is, in all its departments, with accommodations in aid of intellectual exertion, such as, in some respects, even the highest station and the greatest wealth in former times could not command, it may be safely asserted, that hardly any unassisted student can have at present difficulties to

encounter, equal to those which have been a thousand times already triumphantly overcome by others. Above all, books, and especially elementary books, have, in our day, been multiplied to an extent that puts them within the reach almost of the poorest student; and books, after all, are, at least to the more mature understanding, and in regard to such subjects as they are fitted to explain, the best teachers. He who can read, and is possessed of a good elementary treatise on the science he wishes to learn, hardly, in truth, needs a master. With only this assistance, and sometimes with hardly this, some of the greatest scholars and philosophers have formed themselves. And let him who, smitten by the love of knowledge, may yet conceive himself to be on any account unfortunately circumstanced for the business of mental cultivation, bethink him how often the eager student has triumphed over a host of impediments, much more formidable in all probability than any by which he is surrounded. Want of leisure, want of instructors, want of books, poverty, ill health, imprisonment, uncongenial or distracting occupations, the force of opposing example, the discouragement of friends or relations, the depressing consideration that the better part of life was already spent and gone,—these have all, separately or in various combinations, exerted their influence either to check the pursuit of knowledge, or to prevent the very desire of it from springing up. But they exerted this influence in vain. Here then is enough both of encouragement and of direction for all. To the illustrious vanquishers of fortune, whose triumphs we are about to record, we would point as guides for all who, similarly circumstanced, may aspire to follow in the same honorable path. Their lives are lessons that cannot be read without profit; nor are they lessons for the perusal of one class of society only. All, even those who are seemingly the most happily situated for the cultivation of their minds, may derive a stimulus from such anecdotes. No situation, in truth, is altogether without its unfavorable influences. If there be not poverty to crush, there may be wealth and ease to relax, the spirit. He who is left to educate himself in every thing, may have many difficulties to struggle with; but he who saved every

struggle is perhaps still more unfortunate. If one mind be in danger of starving for want of books, another may be surfeited by too many. If, again, a laborious occupation leave to some but little time for study, there are temptations, it should be remembered, attendant upon rank and affluencē, which are to the full as hard to escape from as any occupation. If, however, there be any one who stands free, or comparatively free, from every kind of impediment to the cultivation of his intellectual faculties, surely he must peruse with peculiar interest the account of what the love of knowledge has achieved in circumstances so opposite to his own. Certain, at least, it is, that such achievements produce a most powerful call upon his exertions in the pursuit of science and literature, that his acquisitions may be in some degree commensurate to his advantages. Finally, for all who love to read of bold and successful adventure, and to follow daring ambition in its career to greatness, it cannot but be interesting to contemplate the exploits of some of the most enterprising spirits of our race,—the adventurers, namely, of the world of intellect, whose ambition, while it has soared as high, and performed feats as brilliant as any other, never excites in us an interest dangerous to feel, nor holds up to us an example criminal to follow; because its conquests have been a blessing and not a curse to humanity.

(To be Continued.)

CABINET OF NATURE.

REMARKABLE TREES.

The selection of a few remarkable trees and plants will serve to impress the reader with a sense of the wisdom and power of God, as displayed in the vegetable kingdom. As rivers and brooks are very seldom found in deserts and sandy places, many of the trees growing there distil water; and, by that means, afford great comfort both to man and beast. Thus the *Tillandsia*, which is a parasitical plant, growing on the tops of trees in the deserts of America, has its leaves turned at the base into the shape of a pitcher, with the extremity expanded; in these the rain is collected, and preserved for the use of

men, beasts, and birds. The water-tree in Ceylon produces cylindrical bladders, covered with a lid; into these is secreted a most pure and refreshing water. There is a kind of cuckow-pint in New France, of which, if a person break a branch, it will afford him a pint of excellent water. How wise, how beneficial is the adaptation of plants to the inhabitants of those countries where they grow!

On the top of a rock, in one of the Canary Islands, says Glass, in his History, grows the *Fountain Tree*, called, in the language of the ancient inhabitants, *Garse*, (sacred or holy tree,) which for many years has been preserved sound, entire, and fresh. Its leaves constantly distil such a quantity of water as is sufficient to furnish drink to every living creature in Hierro; nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. It is situated about a league and a half from the sea. Nobody knows of what species it is, only that it is called *Til*. It is distinct from other trees, and stands by itself. The circumference of its trunk is about twelve spans, the diameter four, and in height from the ground to the top of the highest branch forty spans: the circumference of all the branches together, is one hundred and twenty feet. The branches are thick and extended; the lowest commence an ell from the ground. Its fruit resembles the acorn, and tastes something like the kernel of a pineapple, but is softer and more aromatic. The leaves of this tree resemble those of the laurel, but are larger, wider, and more curved; they come forth in perpetual succession, so that the tree always remains green. On the north side of the trunk, are two large tanks, or cisterns, of rough stone, or rather one cistern divided, each half being twenty feet square, and sixteen spans in depth. One of these contains water for the drinking of the inhabitants; and the other that which they use for their cattle, washing, and such like purposes. Every morning, near this part of the island, a cloud or mist arises from the sea, which the south and easterly winds force against the fore-mentioned steep cliff, so that the cloud, having no vent but by the gutter, gradually ascends it, and from thence advances slowly to the extremity of the valley, where it is stopped and checked by the front

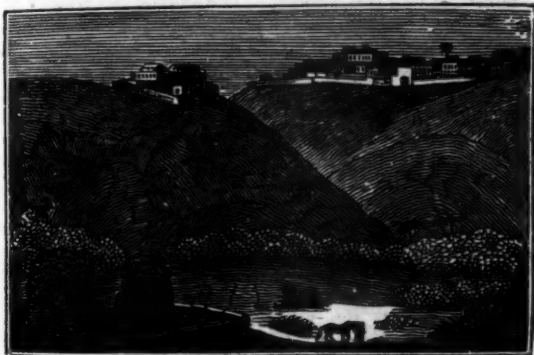
of the rock, which terminates the valley, and then rests upon the thick leaves and wide-spreading branches of the tree, from whence it distils in drops, during the remainder of the day, until it is at length exhausted, in the same manner that we see water drip from the leaves of trees after a heavy shower of rain. This tree yields most water in those years when the Levant or easterly winds have prevailed for a continuance, for by these winds only the clouds or mists are drawn hither from the sea. A person lives on the spot near where this tree grows, who is appointed by the council to take care of it, and its water; and is allowed a house to live in, with a certain salary. He every day distributes to each family of the district, seven pots or vessels full of water, besides what he gives to the principal people in the island.—*Wood's Mosaic History.*

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Descended from ancestors who brought from the old world a portion of its literary treasures, Americans have resembled, more than a century past, persons who have been removed in childhood from the city to a desert, and forgetful of the illustrious home and parentage from which they sprung. Regarding themselves as a new race of beings, they have slumbered in the dream of neglectful self-distrust; and it is therefore that they have been so long awakening to a sense of intellectual duty. They begin to feel that they possess the same physical and mental energies with the most renowned Europeans, and are only waiting for similar incentives to provoke the exertion of their powers. The Physical features of our country are calculated to fire the imagination of the bard. The cloudy grandeur, and trackless extent of our mountains—the solemn whispers of our deep and rapid rivers—the awful stillness and sublimity of our vast ocean-lakes—our endless labyrinth of forests—the magnificent variety of our landscapes—and the simple, but interesting aspect of our cities and villages, breathe the very air of poetry, which the contemplative enthusiast must inhale. The historical associations of the primitive settlers of our country of the aboriginal Indians, of the

revolutionary war, numerous circumstances of which live only in recollection, constitute treasures for our historians and philosophers, to weave the garland of immortality around their native land. Though proud of the distinguished names which have adorned American literature, we regret that any obstacles should retard the promotion of its fame.

HOLY LAND—BETHLEHEM.



Bethlehem is situated at the distance of six miles from JERUSALEM, in a fine country, blest with a salubrious air, and abundant fertility. The water is conveyed in a low aqueduct which formerly passed to Jerusalem. The *FONS SIGNATUS* is a charming spring, yielding a constant supply of water to three large cisterns, one of which is still in good preservation. At a small distance from these, a beautiful rivulet called the *DELICIE SOLOMONIS* laves the herbage of the valley, and fertilizes several fine gardens, while the circumjacent soil is richly clothed with an elegant assemblage of fig-trees, vines and olives.

Bethlehem received its name, which signifies the *House of Bread*, from Abraham; and it was surnamed *Ephrata*, the Fruitful, after Caleb's wife, to distinguish it from another Bethlehem, in the tribe of Zebulun. It

belonged to the tribe of Judah, and also went by the name of the City of David, that monarch having there been born, and tended sheep in his childhood. Abijah, the seventh judge of Israel, Elimelech, Obed, Jesse, and Boaz, were, like David, natives of Bethlehem, and here must be placed the scene of the admirable eclogue of Ruth. St. Matthias the apostle, also received life in the village of Bethlehem.

The convent is connected with the church by a court inclosed with lofty walls. This court leads by a small side-door into the church. The edifice is certainly of high antiquity, and, though often destroyed and as often repaired, it still retains marks of its Grecian origin. On the pavement at the foot of the altar you observe a marble star, which corresponds, as tradition asserts, with the point of the heavens where the miraculous star that conducted the three kings became stationary. The Greeks occupy the choir of the Magi, as well as the two other naves formed by the transform of the cross. These last are empty, and without altars. Two spiral staircases, each composed of fifteen steps, upon the sides of the outer church, and conduct to the subterraneous church situated beneath this choir. At the farther extremity of the crypt, on the east side, is the spot where tradition reports the Virgin to have brought forth the Redeemer of Mankind. This spot is marked by a white marble, incrusting with jasper, and surrounded by a circle of silver, having rays resembling those with which the sun is represented. Around it are inscribed these words:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA

JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

At the distance of seven paces towards the south, after you have passed the foot of one of the staircases leading to the upper church, you find the Manger. You go down to it by two steps, for it is not upon a level with the rest of the crypt. It is a low recess, hewn out of the rock. A block of white marble, raised about a foot above the floor, and hollowed in the form of a manger, indicates, the spot where our Saviour was laid upon straw.

Two paces farther, opposite to the manger, stands an altar, which occupies the place where Mary sat when

she presented the Child of Sorrow to the adoration of the Magi.

Nothing can be more pleasing, or better calculated to excite sentiments of devotion, than this subterraneous church. It is adorned with pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools. These pictures represent the mysteries of the place, the Virgin and Child, after Raphael, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Coming of the Shepherds, and all those miracles of mingled grandeur and innocence. The usual ornaments of the manger are of blue satin embroidered with silver. Incense is continually smoking before the cradle of the Saviour.

The grotto of the Nativity leads to the subterraneous chapel, where tradition places the sepulchre of the Innocents: "Herod sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremiah the prophet, saying: In Rama was there a voice heard," &c.

ANECDOTE OF MUNGO PARK.

In the case of Mungo Park, we have a striking illustration of the use which Providence often makes of the most trifling means to animate the mind. When travelling in Africa he was seized by a banditti, plundered, and left almost entirely destitute of clothing. In this wretched situation he sat for some time looking around him with amazement and horror. "In the midst of a vast wilderness; in the depth of the rainy season; naked and alone; surrounded by savage animals; and men still more savage; five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement"—all these circumstances crowded at once on his recollection, and no wonder that his spirits, as he confesses, began to fail him. "At this moment, says he, painful as my recollections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small *moss*, in fructification, irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this, he adds, to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation, for though the whole plant was not larger than one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula.

without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern on the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? --Surely not! Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE GN00.

Among the interesting varieties of animals in South Africa, the Gnu holds a distinguished place. It is so different in its form from other beasts, that some persons have doubted the reality of its existence; and a few years ago, a gentleman of high rank and judgment gave it as his opinion, that the figure of the gnu, instead of being a portrait drawn from nature, was a creature entirely of the artist's imagination. No doubts can, however, now be entertained on the subject, as one of these animals was for some time in the menagerie of the Prince of Orange at the Hague. The following account of its history and habits is extracted from Mr. Barrow's *Tour in Southern Africa*.

The gnoo, or wild beast, so called by the Dutch, is the swiftest beast that ranges the plains of Africa; so swift indeed, that a traveller has not always an opportunity of getting it into his possession. Nature, though regular and systematic in all her works, often puzzles and perplexes human systems, of which this animal affords an instance. In the shape of its body it evidently partakes of the horse, the ox, the stag, and the antelope: the shoulders, body, thighs, and mane are equine; the head completely bovine; the tail partly one and partly the other, exactly like that of the quacha; the legs, from the knee-joints downwards, and the feet, are slender and elegant, like those of the stag; and it has the *subocular sinus*, which is common to most, though not to all, of the antelope tribe.

Its head is about eighteen inches long; the upper part completely guarded by the rugged roots of the horns that spread across the forehead, leaving only a narrow channel between them, that wears out with age, as in the instance of the buffalo; the horns project forwards twelve inches, then turn in a short curve backwards ten inches; from the root to the point is only nine inches; down the middle of the face grows a ridge of black hair four inches in length; and from the under lip to the throat another ridge somewhat longer: the orbit of the eye is round, and surrounded by long white hairs that, like so many radii, diverge, and form a kind of star: this radiated eye gives to the animal a fierce and very uncommon look. The same sort of white vibrissæ are thinly dispersed over the lips: the neck is little more than a foot long: on the upper part is a mane extending beyond the shoulders, erect, and five inches in length; the hair like bristles, black in the middle and white on each side; this mane appears as if it had been cut and trimmed with nice attention; the body is about three feet two inches long; the joints of the hip-bones project high, and form on the haunches a pair of hemispheres: the tail is two feet long, flat near the root, where the hair only grows out of the sides; this is white, bristly, and bushy: the whole length from the point of the nose to the end of the tail, seven feet ten inches, and the height three feet six inches; the color is that of a mouse, with

a few ferruginous straggling hairs on the sides : like the mare, it has only two teats ; and all its habits and its motions are equine ; though a small animal, it appears of a very considerable size when prancing over the plains. The Gnoo might be considered an emblem of freedom, with the means of supporting it. Strength, swiftness, weapons of defence, a nice nose, and a quick sight, it eminently possesses. When they happen to be disturbed, the whole herd begin to draw together, and to butt each other with their horns, to bound and play their various gambols ; after which they gallop off to a distance. Their motions are extremely free, varied, and elegant. Though fierce and vicious, as it certainly is in its wild state, yet it probably might not be very difficult of domestication. No successful attempts, however, have yet been made to tame it. The flesh is so like that of an ox, both in appearance and taste, that it is not to be distinguished from it.

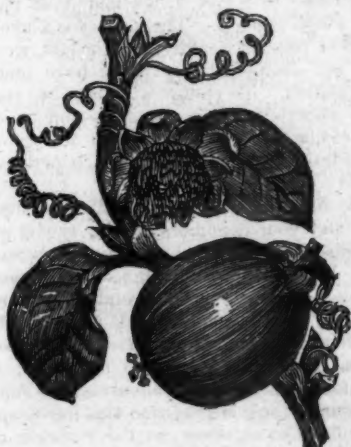
VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES—GRENADILLAS.

The *passifloras* are a very numerous race ; they are mostly natives of the West Indies and the tropical parts of America, from which some of the species have been introduced into this country, chiefly on account of the beauty of their flowers. Few of the species bear fruit in this country.

The *grenadillas* with which we are best acquainted are those of the West India islands, the chief of which are the *purple-fruited* (*Passiflora edulis*)—the *Passiflora quadrangularis*—and the *water-lemon* (*Passiflora laurifolia*.) The stem of the first is herbaceous, the fruit round, of a light purple, when ripe, with a whitish and rather pleasant pulp. The *Passiflora quadrangularis* is the most valuable for cultivation here ; and it has borne fruit in the gardens of the Horticultural Society. The *water-lemon* is a larger and more woody plant : the flowers are handsome, and very fragrant ; and the fruit something in the shape and of the size of a lemon, full of a watery but very agreeable tasted juice, whence the name. The plant grows wild in the woods, but is often cultivated for the sake of its fruit. It was introduced

into England about the same time with the pineapple but it has not met with equal attention.

On the American continent, and especially in Brazil, where the productions of the vegetable kingdom are very numerous and luxuriant, there are many varieties of grenadilla, if not distinct species, with which botanists do



not appear to be very well acquainted; indeed, the forests and savannahs of Brazil appear to offer the richest harvest for botanical research of any places now on the surface of the globe. *Piso*, in his natural history of Brazil, enumerates and gives figures of several sorts of grenadilla, under the name of *Murucuja*. One, he says, has five-lobed leaves and purple flowers, with oblong fruit, larger than any European pear, filled with a mucilaginous pulp, of a scent and flavor that nothing can exceed. Another has the same leaf and flavor, but fruit in the form and size of an apple, the pulp of which has a vinos flavor. There are many other sorts, but these are described as the best. The grenadillas generally, which are called *parchas* by the Spaniards, have a pleasant sweetish acid, with a fragrance something between that of a melon and a strawberry.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.**DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.**

Don't be Discouraged, if in the outset of life things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life, in the prospect, appears smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it so, to our disappointment if we have built on any other calculation. To endure what is to be endured with as much cheerfulness as possible—and to elbow our way as easily as we can through the great crowd, hoping for little yet striving for much, is perhaps the true plan. But

Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbors tread over you a little; in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you—accidents happen: miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes cloudy and sometimes clear and favorable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to-day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency, when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may be surely expected to smile again. And again,

Don't be discouraged, if you are deceived in the people of the world, they are very rotten at the core. From sources such as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived; and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions; but to these you must become used; if you fare as most people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray, and you will learn to trust men cautiously, and examine their characters closely, before you allow them great opportunities to injure you.

Don't be discouraged, under any circumstances.—Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience, than the opinions of men, though the last is not to be disregarded. Be industrious; be frugal; be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way,

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exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse ; and if you do not prosper as rapidly as any of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be as happy.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Oratory furnishes the best means of arriving at civil and political distinction. A man, however great his genius, and however useful and thorough his knowledge may be, will never attract attention without this art. It is, indeed, not necessary that a man should be born an orator. Nature can certainly do much to facilitate the practice of the art ; but there has never yet been an eminent speaker without severe study and constant application. The greatest orator that ever harangued freemen acquired this art only by the most unwearied and long-continued efforts. The intelligent study of Demosthenes, as in every respect the best pattern, has always led to great results. His example teaches to speak with propriety and elegance, and his speeches exhibit all the requisites of truly popular eloquence. Concise with the greatest perspicuity, perspicuous with the greatest accuracy, accurate with the greatest purity of language, he instantly arrests the attention, persuades by the invisible power of argument, assisted by all the graces of manner, and thundered out with flashes of genius. It is for this reason that distinguished statesmen of every age and country have studied his works and honored his memory. The national glory of Great Britain rests, in no small degree, on the refined taste and classical education of her politicians ; and the portion of her oratory acknowledged to be the most energetic, bears the greatest resemblance to the spirit of Demosthenes. Among the continental neighbors of England, especially among the Germans, there are fervent admirers of Demosthenes who read and illustrate his orations with enthusiasm. They feel the rush of his noble spirit in their closets and lecture-rooms, and pour it forth upon their youthful hearers, in whose minds it excites congenial feelings ; but it soon evaporates for want of nutriment from practical life. In a country where this vivifying principle pervades the whole nation, and forms

its very soul, the impulse imparted by the judicious study of such an orator would not be lost; it would call forth genius, and guide it to excellence—an effect which all the books ever written upon oratory and delivery are incapable of producing. Time and circumstances, which exert a most powerful influence over every country, would raise this practice beyond mere imitation, and stamp an original character upon the eloquence grounded on this basis. All true greatness has always been the same in every civilized nation, and what is deemed great by all civilized nations is a safe criterion of genuine greatness.

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

RECREATION.

Recreation seems necessary for young people in order to repair the wasted spirits after they have been exhausted by severe study or intense application to business. And although the studies and employments of females are not so severe as those of men, yet as their natures are more delicate they also stand in need of some kind of relaxation or amusement. But they should be very careful in the choice of their recreations, that they do not adopt such as dissipate the mind, corrupt the principles or injure the health. When the weather is pleasant, riding or walking in the open air, with a suitable companion is very agreeable. In winter, to spend an occasional hour in conversation on suitable subjects with a choice selection of friends is very instructive to the mind and refreshing to the spirits. A mixed company of virtuous persons, where the seriousness of age balances the vivacity of youth, and the presence of gentlemen checks the too great liveliness of the ladies, and the cheerfulness of the fair awakens the most pleasing sensations in the hearts of the other sex is to be preferred.

Gentlemen of refinement will never give pain to the finer sensibilities of the ladies; and ladies, whose manners have been cultivated, will always make themselves agreeable to those with whom they associate. The instructions of wisdom will always check the thoughtless-

ness of folly, and the sallies of wit will not fail to season the most sober debate. The inquisitiveness of youth will draw largely upon the stores of age, and the counsels of maturity, if regarded, will secure the safety and welfare of youth. When these enjoyments cannot easily be obtained, *music* vocal or instrumental, in concert or alone, is a very pleasing substitute, but dancing, card-playing, and theatrical amusements are so injurious to the health and the temper, and the principles of morality, that no christian can with safety indulge in them.

The great object therefore in amusement or recreation ought ever to be the improvement of the health, the mind and the heart; and whatever injures either the one or the other ought to be laid aside by persons whose bodies are the temples of the Lord, and whose souls are capable of infinite and eternal happiness or wo. G.

THE ALPINE HORN.

The Alpine Horn is an instrument constructed with the bark of the cherry tree, like a speaking trumpet, and is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells highest on those mountains, takes his horn and calls aloud, "*Praised be the Lord!*" As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat those words. The sounds last many minutes, for every echo of the mountains and grotto of the rocks repeat the name of God. How solemn the scene! Imagination cannot picture to itself any thing more sublime; the profound silence that succeeds, the sight of those stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, every thing excites the mind to enthusiasm—In the mean while the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and soon after retire to their huts to enjoy the repose of innocence.

Day fades apace; its broad red glow
Went up from all the vales below,
And, like a flash of lightning sprung
From Alp to hoary Alp, and flung
A momentary crimson streak
On every snow-wreathed mountain-peak.

Dark are the clouds that late were roll'd
 In red and purple, green and gold ;
 Even Jura takes a deeper blue,
 And all the hills their cold gray hue :
 All save Mont Blanc ;—the King of day
 Stills lingers on his icy rills,
 And throws his last and brightest ray
 In farewell to the King of hills.

Hush! 'tis a sweet and solemn sound
 Floats downward on the clear cold air ;
 And happy voices waft it round,
 And grateful hearts are framed to prayer,
 'Praised be the Lord!' thine are the days
 When storms the mountain cottage blanch ;
 Thine vintage-time ; thine hand upstays
 The snow wreath and the avalanche.
 'Praised be the Lord!' it echoes round,—
 Nor one eternal Alp is mute !
 And distant cities catch the sound,
 Like the low breathing of a flute.
 'Praised be the Lord!' fear not to sleep,—
 His eye shall see ; his hand shall keep.

A VILLAGE FUNERAL.

There are perhaps few circumstances more striking to the observant and thoughtful mind, than a village funeral. The feelings are wrought up to a survey of our own mortality—the feeble tenure by which existence is held, and the certainty of death. The bell, as it pours the knell of the departed upon the listening ear, speaks with its iron voice against the folly of resting our whole hopes upon this frail and transitory existence—like vain bubbles upon the troubled ocean, born from the commotions of the deep, and doomed to vanish into air at the rush of every curling billow, and the booming of every surge. It has a monitory lesson to impart, which should serve to withhold the maddening plans of ambition, and the dreams of youth—to allay the thirst for glory, and sadden the smile on the cheek of Youth. These are a few of the effects which should impress the spirit when we return from that spot where a fellow being has sought his final resting place in the earth, and gone to sleep upon its bosom, never to awaken until the trump of God shall tremble upon the ear of a startled universe. The thought

of death comes irresistibly home to the soul, when we behold the clods falling upon the coffin which encloses one who was but yesterday with us upon the earth—mingling with the same friends with whom we mingled—one who attended with us at the same sanctuary; who has rejoiced when we were glad—who has wept when we have wept, and who shared with us the sympathies of nature and the endearments of society; it is impossible when such an one dies, not to feel the bereavement, and to have the thoughts of our own frailty crowd upon us, and the awful realities of an untried existence have a place in our minds.

It would perhaps be useless to inquire why these impressions are not generally more lasting: why they do not sink deeper and remain longer impressed in the heart. The infatuation of the world—the plans of individual success in business or in pleasure—the concerns of a mortality which must soon be thrown by for a state which is eternal, are the chief influences which turn the channel of the thoughts, almost before the step of the pall-bearer is beyond the gates of the church-yard. One goes to his farm, and another to his merchandise; the dead are forgotten, and man plods on his way, full of dreams, until he too must lie down to his repose in the dust. Then the same ceremony is again performed, and like those who have gone before him, he is soon forgotten. A kindred tear may occasionally be shed above his humble bed; but time and the chances and changes of the world soon wash his name from record and recollection.

It is the coldness of the world when one of its number sinks away into the grave, that creates in the human breast such an instinctive dread of death, and such a desire to live in the memory of our friends and our country. Alas, how delusive is the hope to perpetuate our memory in the thoughts of our descendants. The ashes decay in the sepulchral urn—the rose planted by the hand of affection sheds and renews its pale blossoms for a few fleeting years: anon, the hand that planted it is palsied by death—"life withereth and the flower fadeth." The world holds out its blandishments—and those who have loved seek after new pleasures and new friends,

and forget the departed spirit which gave gladness to the past. Such is the state of man; and it is the good alone, who may go down to the grave in peace. It is he who, when his silver-gray hair is smoothed for the last time upon his aged brow, sinks to its quiet slumber—he who has toiled in the service of a heavenly king, and has gone to receive his reward in heaven.

INTERESTING AND USEFUL EXTRACTS.

PERSEVERANCE.

An ancient and distinguished individual used to say—I owe my wealth and elevation to the neglect with which I used to be treated by the proud. It was a real benefit to me, though not so intended. It awakened a zeal which did its duty, and was crowned with success. I determined, if this neglect was owing to my want of learning, I would be studious to acquire it. I determined, if it was owing to my poverty, if extreme vigilance, industry, prudence and self-denial, would do it, (which will not always) I should certainly succeed, for I would not give up until I obtained my object. I determined, if it was owing to my manners, I would be more circum-spect. I was anxious, also, to show those who had so treated me, that I was undeserving of such coldness. I was also warmed by a desire that the proud should see me on a level with, or elevated above themselves. And I was resolved, above all things, never to lose the consolation of being conscious of not deserving the hauteur which was displayed over me.

THE CALIPH RECLAIMED.*

During the dominion of the Moorish Caliphs in Spain, HAKKAM, the son and successor of Abdourahman III. wanting to enlarge his palace, proposed to purchase from a poor woman a piece of ground that lay contiguous to it; and when she could not be prevailed on to part with the inheritance of her ancestors, Hakkam's officers took by force what they could not otherwise obtain. The poor woman applied to Ibn Bechir, the chief magistrate of Corduba, for justice. The case was delicate and

* See 1 Kings, chap. xxi.

Virtue.

dangerous, and Bechir concluded that the ordinary legal methods of proceeding would be ineffectual if not fatal. He mounted his ass, and taking a large sack with him, rode to the palace of the caliph. The prince happened to be sitting in a pavilion that had been erected in the poor woman's garden; Bechir with his sack in his hand advanced towards him, and after prostrating himself, desired the caliph would permit him to fill his sack with earth in that garden. Hakkam showed some surprise at his appearance and request, but allowed him to fill his sack. When this was done the magistrate entreated the prince to assist him in laying the burden on his ass. This extraordinary request surprised Hakkam still more, but he only told the judge it was too heavy, he could not bear it, "Yet this sack," replied Bechir, "which you think too heavy to bear, contains but a small portion of that ground which you took by violence from the right owner. How then will you be able at the day of judgment to support the weight of the whole?" The remonstrance was effectual, and Hakkam without delay restored the ground with the buildings upon it to the former proprietor.

VIRTUE.

Virtue sheds a lustre over the mind of its possessor, which none can appreciate but those who have tasted of its sweets. The calm and contented mind generally has it for its chief aim—the christian holds it higher than his life—the wicked may scoff and deride, but their own actions bespeak its command in their hearts. In females it always shines brighter than any other ornament: it has a command over the heart of man which is always revered through life, it bespeaks a soul above all meanness, and while it is held, cares, and other vexations of life are lost in the sweet knowledge of doing right—yet why is it that we so often see it thrown aside as if worthless; and trouble, iniquity and sorrow, taken in its place; is it because they give man happiness? the lips *may* answer *yes*, but our actions eventually say *no*. There is a feeling in virtue, which none but those who have tasted of its sweets can describe.—How lovely, after the fatigues of a day to contemplate the going down of the

sun, and say to ourselves, even, as thou hast revived us by thy genial rays, so am I rejoiced in the knowledge of my having spent this past day well.

CHILDHOOD.

Is there in nature a more beautiful study than that of childhood? Even the most obdurate hearts, callous to every other tender impression, have been known to yield to the fascinations of an artless innocent child. What lovelier subject can employ the pencil of the painter? and what theme can be more charming for the pen of the poet? It is indeed a most interesting contemplation to view a creature just emerging from infancy, who, retaining all the innocence, purity, and cherub-like loveliness of that attractive age, is beginning to think, and reason, and act from the impulses of its own heart and judgment. It is even more pleasing to witness the expansion of intellect, the dawn of those virtues and energies which are to give a hue to its future life and character than it is to mark the developement of those personal graces, which though they may excite our admiration, act not so powerfully upon the sympathies of the heart as the former. We look upon a fine child with the same feeling which we experience in viewing a rose-bud unsevered from its parent tree; we acknowledge it is beautiful, even now, yet still we look forward to a period of higher perfection, when all its graces shall be matured, and all its latent charms expanded.

ROWLAND HILL.

When ROWLAND HILL, was in Ireland, in the year 1798, the papists resolved to murder him the next time he should preach out of doors. He was apprised of it, and his friends wished him to decline preaching. It was all to no purpose; come life or death he declared he would preach. At the appointed time, thousands were assembled vowing his destruction as soon as he should begin. They waited—no preacher appeared—their patience was almost exhausted. At last a man in a large coachman's coat mixed with the crowd inquiring what they were waiting for,—told them he was sorry they should be disappointed—would try if he could preach;

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but perhaps they would kill him? They applauded him—assured him of protection—and he began.—It was Rowland Hill himself! And it is believed that many at that time were brought to the knowledge of the truth. Thus the devil was outdone.

MRS. HOWARD.

The philanthropic Howard was blest with a wife of a similar congenial disposition. On settling his accounts one year, he found a balance in his favor, and proposed to his wife to spend the money on a visit to the metropolis for her gratification. "What a beautiful cottage for a poor family might be built with that money," was her benevolent reply. The hint was immediately taken, and the worthy couple enjoyed that greatest of all gratifications, the satisfaction of having done good for its own sake.

HONESTY AND BRAVERY.

The Prince of Conti being highly pleased with the intrepid behavior of a grenadier at the siege of Phillipsburg, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained, as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the Prince with a couple of diamond rings and other jewels of considerable value. "Sir," said he, "the gold I found in your purse I suppose your highness intended for me; but these I bring back to you *as having no claim on them.*" "You have, soldier," answered the Prince, "doubly deserved them by your bravery and by your honesty. Therefore they are yours."

RELIGION.

Religion has planted itself, in all the purity of its image, and sufficiency of its strength, at the threshold of human misery; and is empowered to recall the wanderers from their pilgrimage of woe, and to direct them in the path to heaven. It has diffused a sacred joy in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness; it has effaced the wrinkles from the brow of care—shed a gleam of sacred and tranquil joy in the chamber of death, gladdened the countenance of the dying with a triumphant hope, and

diffused throughout the earth a faint foretaste of the blessings of futurity. It is benign as the light of heaven, and comprehensive as its span.—An iris in the sky of the Christian, it quickens perseverance with the promises of reward—reanimates the drooping spirit—invigorates the decrepitude of age—and directs, with a prophetic ken, to the regions of eternal felicity. Like the sun, it gilds every object with its rays, without being diminished in its lustre, or shorn of its power.

INTEGRITY

Integrity is a great and commendable virtue.—A man of integrity is a true man, a bold man, and a steady man. He is to be trusted and relied upon. No bribes can corrupt him, no fear daunt him. His word is slow in coming, but sure. He shines brightest in the fire, and his friend hears of him most when he most needs him. His courage grows with danger, and conquers opposition by obstinacy. As he cannot be flattered or frightened into that he dislikes, so he hates flattery and temporizing in others. He runs with truth and not with the times—with right and not with might—his rule is straight, soon seen, but too seldom followed.

SIMPLICITY OF MANNERS.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity—and the more we come down to our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, (and what we call) good breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

ALLEGORY

Every fly, and every pebble, and every flower, are tutors in the great school of nature, to instruct the mind and improve the heart. The four Elements are the four volumes, in which all her works are written.

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POETRY & MUSIC.

THE TWO ADVENTS—A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY THE REV. G. W. DOANE.

He came not with his heavenly crown, his sceptre clad with power,
His coming was in feebleness, the infant of an hour,
An humble manger cradled first the Virgin's holy birth,
And lowing herds companioned there the Lord of heaven and earth,

He came not in his robe of wrath, with arm outstretched to slay,
But on the darkling paths of earth to pour celestial day,
To guide in peace the wandering feet, the broken heart to bind,
And bear, upon the painful cross, the sins of human kind.

And thou hast borne them, Saviour meek ! and therefore unto thee,
In humbleness and gratitude, our hearts shall offered be,
And greenly as the festal bough that on thy altars lies,
Our souls, our bodies, all be thine, a living sacrifice !

Yet once again thy sign shall be upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants be terribly afraid,
For not in weakness clad thou com'st, our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all thy Father's might, his vengeance to declare.

The terrors of that awful day, oh ! who shall understand ?
Or who abide when thou in wrath shall lift thy holy hand ?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar, the sun in heaven grow
pale,
But thou hast sworn, and will not change, thy faithful shall not fail !

Then grant us, Saviour ! so to pass our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads, in triumph we may rise,
And enter, with thine angel train, thy temple in the skies !

OUR DAILY PATHS.

BY MRS. HERMAN.

There's Beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise ;
We may find it where a hedge-row showers its blossoms o'er our
way,

Or a cottage-window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear, beneath an aged tree,
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass borne downwards by the
bee ;

Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen-stems is thrown,
And a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold blue sky,
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencilled shadows lie,
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairest frost-work bound,
Whence the fitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the
ground.

Poetry.

Yes! Beauty dwells in all our paths—but Sorrow too is there;
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright still summer air!
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things
That through the leafy places glance'd on many-colored wings.
With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades;
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone,
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

But are we free to do ev'n thus—to wander as we will—
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill?
No! in our daily paths lie cares, that oft-times bind us fast,
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.
They hold us from the woodlark's haunts and the violet-dingles back
And from all the lovely sound and gleams in the shining river's track;
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time, hope and mirth,
And weigh our burthened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield!
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field!

A sweeter by the birds o' heaven—which tell us, in their flight,
Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right!

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts
cease?

—Aye, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace,
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,
By the Beauty and the Grief alike, we are training for the skies!

THE PILGRIM'S HOME.

There are climates of sunshine, of beauty, and gladness,

Where roses are flourishing all the year long;

Their bowers are despoiled not by wintry sadness,

And their echoes reply to the nightingale's song:

But coldly the Briton regards their temptations,

Condemned from his friends and his kindred to roam,

He looks on the brightness of lovelier nations,

But his heart and his wishes still turn to his home.

Oh! why is this duteous and home-loving feeling

So seldom displayed by the pilgrim of life?

While faith to his mind a bright scene is revealing,

He toils through a world of sin, sorrow, and strife.

Yet, lured by the paltry attractions around him,

Too oft he forgets the pure pleasures to come,

And wildly foregoes, for the toys that surround him,

His hopes of a lasting, a glorious home.

Not such is the Christian—devoted, believing,

Through storm and through sunshine his trust shall abide;

The way that he wends may be dark or deceiving,

But heaven is his shrine, and the Lord is his guide.

And when death's warning angel around him shall hover,

He dreads not the mandate that bids him to come;

It tells that his toils and temptations are over—

'Tis the voice of his Father; it calls to his home. *Lon. Amulet*

THE RUINED TOWER.

I saw upon a lonely height,
The ruins of a beauteous tower ;
Gloomy and dark in day's best light,
It bowed to Time's resistless power.
Yet still, around one turret flung,
That reared *alone* its head in air,
The mantling Ivy fondly clung,
And wreathed its sheltering foliage there.
And thus, I said, man's lot is cast—
The heart to ruin wastes away ;
And oft—too oft—ere youth is past,
Finds nought is left it but decay.
Yet still there is a wreath divine,
Fate's darkest tempest cannot part,
That round the ruined form will twine,
And gently bind the *broken heart*.

SONNET, TO WINTER.

Welcome to thee, in all thy loneliness !
What though the flowers of spring no longer bloom,
And summer's sweets are slumbering in the tomb,
Stern monitor ! I do not love *thee* less.
There is a grandeur in the raging storm,
That wheels its course in giant fury by—
A power—a majesty in yonder sky,
That spreads its mantle o'er thy haggard form.
Come from thy home upon the mountain's height,
Thy brow encircled with eternal snow—
Bid all the winds of Heaven conflicting blow,
And urge thy spirits on their gloomy flight.
Come, on the wings of Time, that never tire,
And sweep with hurried hand tired nature's trembling lyre?
W. G. C.

PHILOSOPHY'S CELL.

Philosophy's cell is dug deep in the ground,
'Tis cold and 'tis comfortless all,
There the sunbeams of Heaven no entrance have found,
And the rushlight that gleams on the wall
Scarce enables this goddess of man's feeble brain,
To distinguish her own dreary way,
And no avenue leads her that world to obtain,
Where shadow shall melt into day ;
No tidings of heavenly peace had been known
To illumine this cavern so drear ;
No bright gleam of righteousness ever has shone,
Its darkness and coldness to cheer ;
Here the blossoms of genius and science have blown,
But God is not worshipped, a Saviour not known.

(From the Christian Lyre, edited by the Rev. J. Leavitt.)

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glittering
star alone of all the train, Can fix the

one alone, the Saviour speaks, It is the
1st time. 2d time.

host be - stud the sky, One Hark ! Hark ! to God the
sin-ner's wandering eye :

Star of Be-thlehem.

cho-rus breaks, From eve-ry host, from eve-ry gem ; But

D. C.

1 When marshall'd on the nightly
plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye:
Hark! hark! to God the chorus
breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was
dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering
hark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to
stem:
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's
thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er
I'll sing, first is night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.



A VIEW OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

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